

December 6th 1927.

Dearest Folks,-

I guess we made the trip to Delhi at about the last possible date. The weather has not looked much like motoring since Fox left. We had a fine turn-out last Sunday for communion. Took in ten new members. Had 80 out to a young peoples' supper last night. We enjoyed Bun's letter and the enclosed Potsdam Spy, a very fine newspaper it was and enjoyed some circulation. Brud was much interested in it. I was just his age when Edward Leete and I got it out.

I enclose some correspondence with Moddy, and would like to have any suggestions Fox may have to send on to them.

Wrote a letter to Charlie Erdman this morning about a missionary home here on account of the war in China, whom he wants to locate up here in a church if possible. Have these two dead churches on our hands and don't see how to get them into activity.

Were without the radio Sunday but the heavens did not fall, and I guess there will be no frantic movement to do anything about it. In a way I am just as well pleased. Always being on the air, Sunday mornings hampers you in certain respects. There are a lot of things you can't say, and you have to run things more or less with the radio audience in mind. We had to give the responsive reading up, because it did not go out very well, the people could not distinguish the responses of the congregation etc.

It was fun for the three years we had it, but we can use the thousand or thirteen hundred dollars in some other way, and get just as good return I guess.

There seems to be no very exciting news. At 8:30 the morning Fox left a man across the street shot his niece and committed suicide. He seems to have been off his nut. Anne said she heard the shots, but of course we think nothing of a little shooting and I suppose Ignatz thought some man was arguing with his wife, and she was answering him.

Have not had any special delivery letter yet from the Woody Foundation handing me twenty five thousand berries, but there is still time. Of course they may not have discovered that my essay was the best. It was correctly spelled, I think, at least Ignatz went all over it, and I did it in close cooperation with the dictionary.

Loads of love,



# Pikeville College

REV. JAMES F. RECORD, PH. D., D. D., PRESIDENT

PIKEVILLE, KENTUCKY

December 13, 1926.

Rev. Stewart M. Robinson,  
Lockport, N. Y.

My dear Doctor Robinson:

Your letter of November 18, was duly received and I owe you an apology for not having answered it before this. The letter came a day or two before I was leaving for the East and I thought I had put it in my bag to answer while I was away. I found, however, when I came to look for it that I had left it at home. This is a lame excuse but it will account to you for any seeming negligence.

In the first place I want to thank you for the promise to send us your Board of Christian Education offering this year to be reported by us to the Board; also to thank you for your suggestion for some definite object toward which your church might have a larger part in this work among our mountain people. It would be a very great help to us if you could take a teacher's salary amounting to from \$1200.00 to \$1500.00 a year. Or, if the church does not see its way clear to give more than \$1000.00 a year, that could be applied to a teacher's salary and that teacher could be designated as your church missionary to the mountain people. For example, a church in Cleveland pays \$1000.00 per year to my salary and places my name on their bulletin as their missionary to the mountain people. I see no reason why that might not be done in the event your church sees its way clear to take a part or the whole of one of our teacher's salary. A church in Philadelphia pays \$600.00 toward one of our teacher's salary and she is regarded as their missionary to the mountain people.

The Board of Christian Education helps us in securing a man for a series of meetings with our students and we have in the past combined that with a series of meetings for our Presbyterian Church in Pikeville. I asked the Board last fall when they asked me about the matter, for a man who was a seminary classmate of mine, but it is not



certain that he will be available. In the event he could not come I am wondering if you could get away for ten days sometime the latter part of February or the first of March for that work with us.

Thanking you again and with every good wish for you and your work, I am

Sincerely,

*James F. Reed*

Dict JFR

Hephzibah House  
51 West 75th Street  
New York

Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> 1927

My dear Mr. Robinson,

Warmest thanks for your kind letter  
and for writing to Chicago.

A line would be so gratefully  
appreciated as to your dear wife's condition.  
She has been thought of daily before the  
Lord & we do so hope she has made or  
is making a good recovery. It was such  
a pleasure to have had that little touch  
with you last month & we gladly look  
forward to our visit from ~~Mar.~~ 31<sup>st</sup> 1928,  
GOD willing.

We trust that you & your boys keep  
well & Behave me  
Yours ever faithfully  
Harvey James

We go to Clifton Springs Sanitarium on the 21<sup>st</sup> or





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ADDRESS REPLY TO.....DEPARTMENT

TORONTO, (2) CANADA

December  
Seventeenth,  
1926.

Rev. Stewart M. Robinson,  
50 Spruce St.,  
Lockport, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Robinson:

I certainly am awfully sorry not to have written you sooner, but the work at the office has been piling up to such an extent that I am hardly able to be decent even at home.

It certainly was wonderful news to hear that your family increased to such an excellent degree, and that everything went so well. I do hope things are going splendidly and that your good wife is feeling fit, not to mention the younger generation of Robinson's.

First of all, let me thank you most heartily for your very kind remarks of last Sunday morning. I don't mind telling you that I got quite a kick out of hearing you speak as you did of your visit to Toronto, and also about the Class. I told them about it in the afternoon, and it drew forth a most hearty and enthusiastic session of clapping.



--2--

I am enclosing some of the clippings which were in the papers both before and after your visit. I am afraid I missed one or two, but probably these will give you an idea of how we publicly felt about you in Toronto. It certainly was more than a delight to have had you with us over that week-end, a week-end which I never will forget. You have left behind you only the kindest thoughts and fondest memories, and an anticipation of having you back again very soon.

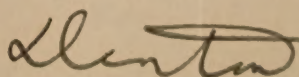
As soon as your good wife is able to leave home, you must bring her over; if not over the week-end, during the week, so that we may have the privilege of knowing her much better.

The Class last Sunday was a great success, the attendance being up to normal, that is about seventy per cent. "Feminine Distraction" proved to be I think an interesting topic, and worked out fairly well. Samson certainly was an awful fool, but a merry one.

When I was speaking about your mentioning the Class in the service last Sunday, I neglected to say how very much we all enjoyed your message. I think it was one of the finest that I have heard you give yet, and one which I will remember for a long time. Your thought of the "spiritual nibblers" struck me as particularly good and particularly true. So many are inclined to the "spiritual soda water and pop," and "religious all-day suckers."

Wishing you continued success in your work, and again thanking you for the privilege you gave us all that week-end, with best wishes to all your family,

As ever yours,



DM/LP



December 17th 1927.

Dearest Folks,-

Winter has set in from all the signs we see around us to-day. I was interested in the newspaper clipping Bunny sent about the Wilson Essay prize. It certainly would be lots of fun to pick up that twenty five thousand dollars. If they are not going to announce the winner until the night of the party, and then if he is and she are going to walk up to the desk and get the check, it looks as though either the ten thousand would have to go down to eat, or else the winners have some uncanny sense that they ought to be on deck. Well, I see my old friend Prof. Harper is chairman of the judging committee. He was Woodrow's prime buddy while he was there. The Harpers were decidedly "Wilson people". I have been in and out of the Harper place on Mercer Street many a time and oft, have picked up a meal or two from their not very festive board. Mrs. Harper is a cousin, I think of Cousin Sarah Robinson.

We have had the fun of disposing of the twenty five thousand berries several times already, so there is that much fun out of it anyway. Anne says one of the lesser prizes would be fine, but I hold out for the big baby or nothing. I guess if the Lord thinks He could trust me with that much, He will dish it out. I never lacked for money yet, and I could use some right now. There is nothing in particular we want around the house. I might blow in fifty dollars on some books, and get Ignatz some nice thing she has a hankering after, but beyond that, most of the things I want to do are other things, tuck away several thousand in savings funds for the kids, pay off my various pledges to the Pension Fund, the Building here, pay a hundred dollars I have owed Princeton since I signed a note in the fall of freshman year, that might quite appropriately come out of this prize on Woody, help to run his old institution. I suppose the income tax which Woody invented will take its toll. That would be funny too. I can get the thithe spent in short order aiding and abetting several godly causes I know. I could take out some more insurance, and generally feel like a million dollars. It would give the native yokels here a stirring kick in the seat of their pants, and be a lot of fun. Well, time will tell.

We had a ripping prayer meeting last Wednesday with upwards of a hundred on deck and very active. The revival certainly perked up the mid-week service in great style. January 8th we are having one Bookmyer of the Pocket Testament League. He comes from Philadelphia. I think this atmosphere of evangelism is great stuff for a church.

We sent off some little things for your Christmas. Hope you have a happy day. We had fun there Thanksgiving, and it was well worth the trip, which was not half bad at that. That way through Ithaca seemed the easiest and shortest of all I have traveled.



Read Paxton Hibben's low-down on old Henry Ward Beecher. I was immensely entertained by it, thought it was might well done. There are a lot of extremely good biographies floating around just now. I like them as much as Fo, and have first pick and free access to the library here. Miss Prudden the librarian, not at all like the chaste Pauline (I don't mean she is unchaste, however), hands me out the new books before she even catalogs them. I generally have anywhere from six to a dozen up here at the house. Yes, I think with that 25 etc berries, I might buy a book a week just for a year or so. These books I get from the library are mostly books that you don't need to own. Once read and a few notes taken from them, and you are done with them. But there are still a lot of books I would like to have. Never read one yet that I did not get some good idea out of it, and find the odd fact that no matter what I happen to be fussing with in the way of a sermon, the books I happen to read that week, almost always give me some fuel to throw on the fire.

Am looking forward to the new building and study there. That will be a real work place, whither I can wend my way at an early hour each morning. (Ignatz questions the earliness of the hour) There I can get down to work and plug along till noon. The slavey in the church office can stop all unnecessary interruptions and all that. Without its being anyone's fault it is hard to study at home. I suppose it is a fact that most ministers who settle down do so in their early years when they get away from their studious habits through the mere dint of odds and ends which surround them. You just can't naturally let the ice man raise hell at the back door without stepping out and letting him in, when you know the wife is washing the baby, and the girl is up in the attic hanging out the kid's diapers. And when not in school the kids drift in on all sorts of perfectly natural errands. They even ask me to lend them the typewriter when I am writing a sermon on it. That is funny because I often think about that time, they might as well be writing their gibberish and what some of mine sounds like now and then.

Well, we love you lots.



December 19th 1927.

Mr. and Mrs. Denton Massey,  
Dentonia Park,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Denton and Esther,

I have asked the Princeton University Store to send to you a copy of "Children of the Second Birth", by my friend and college contemporary, Samuel Shoemaker. Sam is himself as interesting to me as his book. He was a class behind me. He comes of a highly connected family in Maryland. He was a member of the most exclusive club in Princeton. In college he had an interest in religion, and stayed behind to help run the college religious association.

Sam is the chap who said, that people on Park Avenue need conversion as badly as people in the Bowery. Sam is really doing among the high-hat crowd just what Jerry McAuley and Sam Hadley did for the bums and street-walkers. In many cases he is saving them from just as heinous sin, and again he is saving them from emptiness, which is perhaps the greatest sin of all.

Somewhat I thought this book would interest you both. There is appearing among young people here and there something of that apostolic atmosphere, like this sample from New York. It seems to me you are in the current, and it is most significant.

This book was a tremendous inspiration to me. It goes to you as a token of affection and will tell you some reasons why Christmas really is so.

We both wish you and all yours every joy and bit of gladness.

Sincerely,



December 27th 1927.

Mr. Harvey Farmer,  
Clifton Springs Sanitarium,  
Clifton Springs, New York.

My dear Mr. Farmer,-

Thank you heartily for your letters of December 14th and 19th. Everything is going prosperously. It is good to know that we have the blessing of your prayers. To-day our older boy had his tonsils taken out at the hospital, and is doing spl<sup>n</sup>didly. But I suppose the rest of the week will be pretty well filled nursing him back to full vigor. The Christmas Season brought no end of extra duties, services, help for needy families, the concerns of our own little home-circle. It was very happy. We enjoyed a kindly remembrance from Miss Walker, carrying the information that she was going to Trinidad on January 12th.

I doubt if we shall be able to get over to see you before you start West. It will be our hope and prayer that all your journey may be happy and prosperous for yourselves and for the Kingdom. We are keenly looking forward to the first week in April, when we can enjoy you both again (D.V.). Our people contributed about \$1500. to Mr. Neighbour's missionary funds in addition to the \$2300. which they raised for expenses.

With heartiest greetings, I am,

Sincerely yours,



December 28th 1927.

Dearest Folks,-

Christmas went off very smoothly and happily with us. Your lovely gifts were much appreciated. You did so much for us, books, dressing gown, journal for Courtland, and magazines for me. I will enjoy them greatly, especially because they come right through the year.

We had a service Christmas Eve at eleven o'clock p.m. It is rather popular, a surprisingly large number always come out. Before that we put up the tree in the afternoon and the kids trimmed it. They are beginning to be useful as well as ornamental, and I let them go ahead with perfect equanimity. Then they hung their stockings, and we read "The Night Before Christmas" and the Gospels Luke and Matthew, and they went off to bed.

At about one-thirty Ignatz and I went to sleep and awoke dutifully at six o'clock, to rise and dress to come down and "see the things". There was a lot of stuff as usual. I got Kim a little more track and a crossing gate which goes down when the train comes along. I made Anne a doll-house which tickled her. Little Brud had a teddy bear, and Kim painted up his little old kiddy car, so he was fixed up. The Rogers gave me a beautiful Swiss watch, quite a watch, Bert said he thought it was the thing he liked best of all the things he got abroad. They had it marked with my initials, and it is certainly quite a gew-gaw.

Church came along, then dinner with the Pruddens, then our Sunday School exercises at 4:30. That rather ended the day, and we managed to get to bed fairly early. Monday I think we stayed in all day and the phone only rang once or twice which was about the best part of the whole season.

Yesterday (Tuesday) Doctor Fitz took Kim's tonsils out. Nothing like making Christmas a real celebration. Kim was as good as gold did not mind it at all, enjoys the hospital, for of course he knows everyone there, and it doing perfectly. He could come home to-day but Sisser and the Baby have little colds so Doctor thought he might better stay away from them one day more. Five kids from our Sunday School had tonsils out yesterday, Doctor Fitz Gerald's own daughter being among them.

Don't be too down-hearted if they don't thrust that 25,000 upon my unwilling hands. Because no one else will be. ~~XXXXXXXX~~if the Lord thinks I need that sum right now, He ~~will~~give it to me, but there may be some good reason for not getting it. No special invitation has come to be sure to be down at the dinner.

Loads of love